

## The Intelligencer.

## Travelers' Register.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS.	DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
B. & O. R. R. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M.	B. & O. R. R. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M.
Central Ohio Div. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M.	Central Ohio Div. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M.
Wheeling & Marietta R. R. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M.	Wheeling & Marietta R. R. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M.
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## POST OFFICE REGISTER.

Hours at which mails are due and close at the Post Office in this city. Prepared in accordance with the latest time tables on the railroads.	Hours at which mails are due and close at the Post Office in this city. Prepared in accordance with the latest time tables on the railroads.
Way Mail, 6:00 a. m. 6:15 a. m.	Way Mail, 6:00 a. m. 6:15 a. m.
St. Louis Express, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.	St. Louis Express, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.
Union Pacific Express, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.	Union Pacific Express, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.
Mail Train, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.	Mail Train, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.
Fast Line, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.	Fast Line, 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.

## A NEW YEAR REVERIE.

Without the moonlight streaming,  
Came a wind, uncertain gleaming,  
While the night-wind moan and murmur like a  
spun web of silver,  
And around my lone heart clinging,  
Are the memories and whisperings  
Of a "New Year's Day," New Year, in the  
peaceful "long ago."

From my window I'm peeping  
When the shadowed night is sleeping,  
And the stars look down and glisten o'er earth's  
apertures of light,  
In the silence I am thinking,  
Fancy unto fancy thinking,  
Of a "New Year's Day," New Year, in the  
peaceful "long ago."

"Fore my dim eyes dim sweet faces,  
While a nameless sentiment traces  
A form with grace all catches in the freight's  
ruddy glow,  
And a white hand seems pressing  
With gentle, and caring,  
As it may be, Happy New Year in the  
peaceful "long ago."

"Ever this!" These words, a token  
Of the pledges made and broken,  
Seem again to breathe in fancy their beguiling  
music low,  
Still my heart yearns unrequited,  
Still my heart yearns unrequited,  
As the passing years are numbered with the  
peaceful "long ago."

## A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

Mabel Clifton sat before one of the windows of her father's magnificent mansion. A servant stood in waiting. She was making out a list of articles wanted for the next day. Coming footsteps arrested her attention. She raised her eyes from the paper and looked out. The same greeting that had fallen on her ears so many times that day, "Happy New Year, Miss Clifton," caused the bright light to return to her eyes, the beautiful flush to her face, as she rose to receive Ernest Addison.

There was an expression in his eyes, when he received from her the fragrant cup of hot coffee, that she never forgot. Her heart was bounding with new hope.

Edgar Livingston had drawn Flory to the window. They were looking out on the passers-by. A few moments and reeling along the sidewalk, shouting and singing a drinking song, came Edgar's companion of the morning.

Edgar followed, saying:  
"But for you and Miss Clifton, I might have been one of that party."  
And going up to Mabel, he said:  
"Miss Clifton, your slumber to-night should be very peaceful. You have not helped to cloud either the brain or heart of any of your friends to-day. Accept my warmest thanks for having saved me from feeling both."

Edgar saw an expression in Ernest's eyes that made him think it would be quite as agreeable to all parties if he would take Flory back to the recess of the window, to the piano, or anywhere out of hearing, just then.

A few moments after his fine voice was blending with her's in a well chosen duet. Then Ernest told Mabel of the love which had been her's since he first knew her.

"I came one night to lay my heart before you. You had many guests and ordered them wine. You noticed not that I placed my glass untouched on the table. I left early. I dared not woo the heart of one who held such a fearful temptation before me; why you will know when I tell you the terrible truth. My only brother went down to a drunkard's grave, the woman he loved urging him on."

For a time mother and I had won him from his fatal passion. He was doing well. We believed he would fulfill the bright promise of early youth. He grew to love a beautiful girl. She was wild and thoughtless; and one night, at a party in her father's house, she urged him to drink.

"One glass. Every one but you takes wine," she said.

"He resisted. She taunted him about having to abstain because he had not the self-control to use wine in moderation. He yielded, accepted the fatal glass from her hand, and drank it moderately, then on and on in the old fearful way, until he lay on the floor, his life ebbing, and a mother's broken heart."

"Do you wonder that I fled from you? Every hour since yearning to return, yet dreading to."

"To-day I heard what you were doing. Earnestly thanking God that light had dawned on you, I hastened here to lay my heart before the only woman I have ever loved. Will you be my wife, Mabel?"

Her heart was too full of joy—she could not tell him in words how happy she was, but her little hand lay still in his. She raised her eyes a moment, and he saw the love of years beaming there.

"Judge! from the low tone into which the voices in the other room had fallen, I think some other hearts had found their mates. But the pairs were separated, or rather joined again, by the return of Mr. Clifton, who entered, calling out:

"Mabel, my dear, to me these rooms look rather dark. Let us have the gas turned on, if you please."

"Certainly, papa."

And when their light entered for Mr. Clifton to look into his daughter's eyes, he saw a brighter light shining there. Another moment, when Flory came to greet him, he said with a shy smile:

"Ah, I see why you young folks know nothing of the surrounding darkness—guided by the light within. Well, have you had a pleasant day?"

"A happy day, father; there are no regrets to steal in and mar it." Mabel said with a bright smile.

"I am glad of it—glad of your resolve, Mabel. How glad you will know when I lay my heart before you to-morrow. I closed the eyes of a father who once was a drunkard in some drinking saloon. How my heart ached for that dying father. And what a

my friends to-morrow, and explain the reason of my failing to see them, the first time for so many years. And—well, dear, you can do as you choose about the bill of fare. As I shall not be home, the folks will not hold me responsible for what happens in my absence."

"Oh, thank you, papa, for permission to do as I choose. I will willingly take any unkind remarks, if any one feels like making them. But I feel confident that all who have sons will give me their kindest wishes for withholding temptation from their boys. And to the young man I shall try to make myself so agreeable, and have our cook make the coffee so very fine that they will go away quite as well pleased, and with their brains a good deal clearer than if I had entertained them with wine."

An hour after Mr. Clifton was on his way to the side of his dying friend.

Mabel sat down and wrote:

"My dear Flory—Come help me receive our friends to-morrow. Papa has been called away. I must have you with me, as I am particularly anxious to have my reception a success."

"Lovely,"

"Edgar likes Flory, I can plainly see, and I think she is not wholly indifferent to him. Together I think we can manage to hold him here to-morrow, and thus save his mother a great sorrow, most likely."

Mabel Clifton was one of the loveliest girls in P—. Friends wondered that her heart had not yielded to some one of her many suitors. They did not know she had no heart to yield to any of those who sought it.

The first season she appeared in the social circle her father's wealth and position placed her, she met Ernest Addison. He was a noble looking man, talented, with mind and heart alike filled with good, true resolves. To Mabel he had been very attentive, and she grew to love him, feeling sure the time was not far distant when he would come to tell her of his love. But months rolled by, and he spoke not. Gradually his visits grew less frequent, until they ceased. What it was that had come between his love and hers she could never tell, but she felt pretty sure he did love her, and so, hoping that time would solve the mystery and bring a balm to her agonized spirit, she waited and waited for the coming.

New Year's day came beautiful and bright. Mabel and her friend Flory never looked lovelier. Mabel had explained her wishes, and fully infused her own spirit into her fair friend.

It was impossible for an indifferent person not to feel the power of fascination. To Edgar Livingston, who was one of their first guests, they were quite irresistible. He lingered on, notwithstanding the many efforts of a young friend who accompanied him to draw him away.

"Do stay and help us," said Mabel, and when Flory's beautiful eyes repeated the wish, Edgar stayed.

For, if any, went from Clifton house dissatisfied. Everything that heart could desire or mind suggest in the way of delicacies and luxuries of the season, Mabel offered her guests. But as her father had said, many tongues were busy speculating about it, and in a few hours it was widely known that Miss Clifton was having a "temperance reception."

Eagerly Mabel's eyes sought the door on every new arrival of guests. She had hoped for the coming of one. But the days passed, and when it grew late in the day the hope faded and almost died out. She had seated herself in an arm chair, near the same greeting that had fallen on her ears so many times that day, "Happy New Year, Miss Clifton," caused the bright light to return to her eyes, the beautiful flush to her face, as she rose to receive Ernest Addison.

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him it was, to think at that time my daughter was not holding the fatal glass to any young man," said Mr. Clifton, his voice trembling with emotion.

Before another New Year's day Mary and Flory each presided over an establishment of their own. The happy remembrance of their reception is never clouded by the thought that they have added one drop to the cup of bitterness which so many wives, mothers and sisters have to drink—that cup of sorrow which is so often prepared for them by sister women.

The Fables of Zambri, the Parsee, (From the London Fan.)  
(Translated from the Persian by Dodo Grille 1.)

An author who had wrote a book of fables (the merit whereof transcended expression) was peacefully sleeping at the modest eminence to which he had attained, when he was rudely awakened by a throng of critics emitting adverse judgment upon the tales he had written.

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"What have you there on your back?" said a zebra, jeeringly, to a "ship of the desert" in ballast.

"Only a bale of gridirons," was the meek reply.

"Ah! that, pray, may you design doing with them?" was the incredulous rejoinder.

"What am I to do with gridirons?" repeated the camel, contemptuously. "Nice question for you—who have evidently come off one!"

People who wish to throw stones should not live in glass houses; but there ought to be a few in their vicinity.

A man pursued by a lion was about stepping into a place of safety, when he beheld him of the power of the human eye; and, turning about, he fixed upon his pursuer a steady look of stern repudiation. The raging beast immediately moderated his rate per hour, and finally stopped to a dead halt within a yard of the man's nose. After making a leisurely survey of him, he extended his neck and bit of a small section of the victim's thigh.

"Beard of Arimanes," roared the man; "have you no respect for the human eye?" "I hold the human eye in profound respect," replied the lion, "and I confess its power. It assists digestion in taking before a meal. But I don't understand why you should have two and I none."

With that he raised his foot, unsheathed his claws, and transferred one of the gentleman's visual organs to his own mouth. "Now," continued he, "during the brief remainder of a squandered existence, your lion quelling power being more highly concentrated, will be more easily managed."

He then devoured the remnant of his victim, including the other eye.

This tale seems to imply the falsity of certain accepted beliefs. (It is, therefore, insulting.—Translator.)

An ant laden with a grain of corn, which he had acquired with infinite toil, was breasting a current of his fellows, each of whom, as is the etiquette, insisted upon stopping him, feeling him all over, and shaking hands. It occurred to him that an excess of ceremony is an abuse of courtesy. So he laid his hand on his head, and, folded all his legs tight to his body, and smiled a smile of great grimace.

"Halloo! What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the first insect whose overtures were declined.

"Sick of the hollow conventionalities of a rotten civilization," was the rasping reply. "I have been thinking of the simplicity of primitive observances. Go to grass!"

"Ah! then we must trouble you for that corn. In a condition of primitive simplicity there are no rights of property, you know. These are hollow conventionalities."

A light dawned upon the intellect of the insect. He shook the reefs out of his legs; he scratched the reverse of his ear; he grappled that cereal, and trotted away like a giant refreshed. It was observed that he submitted with a wealth of patience to manipulation by his friends and neighbors, and went some distance out of his way to shake hands with strangers on competing lines of traffic.

Nevertheless, this tale does not teach that social observances are always—or even commonly—grounded on good sense. If it did, that would make it true.

A snake who had lain torpid all winter in his hole took advantage of the first warm day to lumber up for the spring campaign. Having tied himself into an intricate knot, he was so covered by the warmth of his own body that he fell asleep, and did not wake until nightfall. In the darkness he was unable to find his head or his tail, and so could not disentangle and slide into his hole. Per consequence, he froze to death.

Many a suitable philosopher has failed to solve this knotty problem, him or her, by his inability to discern his beginning and his end.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, SEAWARD TONIC AND MANDRAKE PILLS. These are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption. Dr. Schenck has been in constant practice over thirty years continually examining lungs, and knows his medicines, if properly taken, will cure consumption. His Mandrake Pills cleanse the liver and the blood, and his Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, stimulates the coating of the stomach, and aids digestion; his Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter, and nature throws it off without any exertion. Prepared and for sale by J. H. SCHENCK & SON, N. E. corner Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, and by druggists and dealers generally.

Shall close out my Fall and Winter stock at a trifle above cost, and some goods at cost, to make room for my Spring goods. Extra inducements offered to cash buyers.

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COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL. MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH. New York Money and Stock Market. NEW YORK, December 31.—Money—Active and stringent early in the day at 1 1/2 per cent per day, but closed at 7 per cent gold.

STERLING EXCHANGE—Dull at 100 for long and 110 for short sight.

GOLD—Quiet and steady at 112 1/2; highest price during the year, 115; lowest 108 1/2. Loans, 7 1/2 per cent for carrying. Clearings, \$75,000,000. The Treasury disbursed \$411,700.

GOVERNMENTS—Quiet but strong.

UNITED STATES 5s of 1881, coupons, 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1880), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1885), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1890) new, 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1895), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1900), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1905), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1910), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1915), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1920), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1925), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1930), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1935), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1940), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1945), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1950), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1955), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1960), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1965), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1970), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1975), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1980), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1985), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1990), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (1995), 118 1/2. Five-twenty (2000), 118 1/2.

STOCKS—Dull; business confined to a few leading shares. Pacific Mail fell from 7 1/2 to 7 1/4, on news of the disablement of the steamer Costa Rica, but rallied to 7 1/2. Erie fell from 6 1/4 to 6 1/8, rally to 6 1/4, and closed the close. The rest of the list declined 1/4 per cent, but this was recovered in late business. Western Union advancing from 7 1/2 to 8 1/4; Wabash from 7 1/4 to 7 1/2; Lake Shore from 9 1/4 to 9 1/2; Ohio from 45 to 45 1/2; and Rock Island from 11 1/2 to 11 1/4. At the close prices were rather off from the best rates, but firm.

New York Dry Goods Market. NEW YORK, December 31.—Business has been completely paralyzed to-day by the severe storm. The market is unchanged, and the same firmness which has ruled of late is shown in both cotton and woolen goods. Prints quiet but assortment light, and medium work was taken by the California trade. Cottons were in good request by clothing manufacturers. Foreign fabrics very inactive. Black alpaca and mohair held more firmly and are higher abroad.

New Orleans Market. NEW ORLEANS, December 31.—Sugar—Quiet; common to good common, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2; fair to fully fair, 7 1/4 to 7 1/2; prime, 7 1/2 to 7 3/4; extra, 7 3/4 to 8 1/4; low grades dull; centrifugal, 31 1/2 to 32; fair, 47 1/2 to 48 1/2; prime, 51 1/2 to 52 1/2; strictly prime to choice, 56 1/2 to 57 1/2. Coffee, 14 1/2 to 15 1/2.

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Merchant Tailors. Gentlemen's Holiday Presents. Beaver, Chinchilla or Melton Overcoats, A Pine or Business Suit, an elegant Pair of Pants or Vest, a half dozen Fine White Shirts, or a lot of Under Clothing.

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Printing. THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER. STEAM JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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